

"COME TO ME," PLEADS BUTLER RILEA TO HIS WIFE IN COURT.

She Testifies He Threatened Her Life and Those of Her Parents—Magistrate Steers of Coney Island Believes Riley Meant No Harm, and Warns Him to Stay Away From Bensonhurst Home of Heckmans—Some of the Love Letters in the Case.



MRS. PAUL RILEA (Nee Heckman).

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.
New York, Jan. 31.—With the ink scarcely dry that recorded her protestations of love for her artist-coachman-butler husband, Mrs. Paul Rilea appeared against him before Magistrate Steers in the Coney Island Police Court, and testified that he had threatened her life, also the lives of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heckman.

But when his letter, supposed to show sinister design on the part of Riley, was read in full, it breathed such love and devotion that the bridegroom was promptly dis-

charged by the Justice on his testimony that the tragedy to which he referred as imminent was his own death. He could not live, it seemed.
Rilea was warned by the Justice to stay away from the Bensonhurst home of the Heckmans. This fact, however, did not prevent him from trying to speak to his wife as soon as he was free, a scene being prevented by his lawyer, William Cummings. Ignoring the presence of her stepfather and lawyer, he went as close to Mrs. Rilea as he could and pleaded:
"PLEADED FOR ONE WORD.
"Nellie, Nellie, won't you speak to me?"

BUTLER PAUL RILEA.
Who Asks his wife to return to him.
"My darling, look at me just once," he reached out his arms to her.
But she, with bowed head and trembling hands, hurried herself buttoning her jacket and clasping her furs.
"Oh, if she would only speak to me, it would not be so hard," he exclaimed, as his lawyer hurried him away.
Both Rilea and his stepfather-in-law then left the courtroom, declaring that this was the end of hostilities.
The former will enter suit in the Supreme Court for \$25,000 damages for false arrest. Mr. Heckman will endeavor to have the marriage annulled.
When the wife went on the stand, her face white with emotion, she almost turned her back on the courtroom in the effort to avoid the eyes of her husband. His cheeks were flaming as he watched her. She had worn her gayest gown, a dark skirt and a pale pink silk waist, with soft lace at her neck. She wore a picture hat. Her fingers gleamed with jewels. That she presented an attractive picture to her husband was evident.
Not even her testimony that he had threatened the life of the entire Heckman family caused him to frown.
"She did it to please them. She is afraid, poor girl," he apologized for her afterwards.
"I married him because I was afraid of him," she said mechanically, as if she had been rehearsing her testimony. "Yes, there were plenty of people around to whom I could have appealed, but I did not; I do not know why."

LOVE DRIVES HIM MAD.
Although she declared Rilea had frequently threatened in his letters to kill her parents, only one of these missives, however, was in evidence. It read:
"My Darling Nellie—I have written to you several times since Wednesday. I have received no response. I will come to Bensonhurst, and if I am denied admittance you will regret it. It is the work of that woman—the one you call mother.
"I cannot believe that you are the author of that letter, telling me to go back to England. Oh, how I love you! To this the woman I love? I am mad, and a tragedy will occur. My brains are in a whirl. I want you to love me so much, I don't care if it proves my undoing. I have told you what would happen if I lost you. Lovingly,
"I had walked the floor for two nights, wringing my hands in agony, before I

wrote that letter," he said in explanation. "I would rather be dead than feel that she whom I love would not see me. No wonder I wrote wildly."
Mrs. Heckman, a Jorgnette, long enough to identify him as her erstwhile butler and coachman, then, with those tilted haughtily, told how he had threatened the family, but as he had made no threats to her or her evidence was nil.
Then Mrs. Rilea's love letters were put in evidence, as showing her tender feeling toward her husband.

MRS. RILEA'S LETTERS.
The letters from Mrs. Rilea to her butler-husband are couched in the most affectionate of terms. They state specifically that no matter what her father and mother may do they would not be able to part two such loving hearts.

Monday Noon.—My Dear Pearl: It seems so strange not to see you here, your room looks so inviting enough, with everything which would remind me of the little boy I lost. I miss you exceedingly, but I know that you are greatly relieved to be elsewhere. I hope that your spirits and once good appetite will return. Where there is strife our natural buoyancy seems always to fall on. It has made me disatisfied to see you so unhappy.
Whatever they have to say of you, I do not know, because I could not listen to remarks of any kind.
Tuesday C. was here this morning. He said you were "all right," for which I was very grateful, as I could not have the good things that can possibly be said of any one.
The responsibility that was put upon you was worth so much, and you have never had any one before so able to manage a home as you, nor will they, and the running of a large house like this requires ability, no mean order.
I feel for from content, but we must make the best of whatever comes into our lives, striving always to do what we think is right, and then we are bound to succeed.
I feel as if you have been greatly wronged here, and I feel awfully to see you so suddenly in the pouring rain.
You will and I will send my letters are irregular, dear. I would not trust any one to mail them for me, so you will be contented with the best I can do.

The family will leave for Pittsburgh in two weeks. I would like to stay here until they are gone. I am anxious to help you all I can, and if you say I am needed be so, why, I shall come to New York.
I shall do, though, what is for your interest. From this desire to remain longer here do not think I am selfish, dear boy. I would love, more than words could express, to have our future settled. I miss you so very, very much.
Did you sleep well, my darling, last night? A little later I am going to the post office, for there is surely a letter from you. I am encouraged since the expressman brought me news of you. I know that you are as energetic and as hopeful as ever. My dear boy is not slow, timid or nervous.

May the kind God watch over you and happiness be yours. I know we are going to be very successful, you have such good faith and determination. My love, kindly.
My dear Paul: I am sending you \$25 this morning, as I was unable to get the check cashed last evening by sending out. I am sorry I am obliged to send the money rather than to give it to you personally. You must not come down here. By going home you can do more with your uncle—as you have repeatedly said—than by writing. Let me hear from you again. I shall do this for me. With much love, affectionately,
NELLIE.

This money was to take Rilea to England to visit his uncle, the Reverend John Paul Rilea, rector of the Ashford Court Episcopal Church, Birmingham. He said he was daily expecting a check from his relative.
MARRIAGE ANNOUNCED.
Dearest Paul: I reached home safely last evening at 6. A Mr. Mauger of Bensonhurst saw me when I left my mother's and said he had been last evening to call, mentioning the fact to Mr. H—
There was so much going on over it, I announced my marriage, with the result that a policeman has been called here to watch me. I suppose, and all the neighbors were summoned to have the news announced.
My darling Paul, keep away until I send. It will be for the best. I do not want any trouble which would end in your being taken from me. I am braver than you think, but nervous, of course. Train excitement is certainly terrible. My stay here will not be longer than I can help.

This is not very cleverly written, but you see it would be dangerous for you to come to me. Nothing could separate us—remember that—but if any charge can be trumped up against you they will do it. Don't be seen here. I have given them to understand you stay to protect me and that you are ready to come to me at any time. To wait until I send. Lovingly,
NELLIE.

P. S.—You know, dear, if I don't write often, something has happened me, but I think I am pretty safe. Let me know, as we arranged, if you get any letters. I shall come to you soon.
Under date of January 13 she wrote:
They refused me the letters at the Post Office, and I had a great time to get them. I will write before I go to bed tonight. Oh, darling, how you do love me. I will come in two weeks, if you say so, but don't write yet. I love you devotedly. Believe in me as I do in you. I shall never go back on you—ever. Lovingly,
NELLIE.

FRUIT JUICE KILLS BACILLI.
Chicago Board Says Grape Essence Is Better Than Lemon.
Chicago, Jan. 31.—Grape juice is more effective in killing typhoid germs than lemon juice, according to an official bulletin of the Board of Health. If the bulletin is true, it says: "With some brands a proportion

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